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ARE YOU GOING AWAY?

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The Vice Presidency.

When the various Vice Presidential booms have been duly exploited and naturally exploded, it is to be taken for granted that the Republican national convention will deal with this important nomination sensibly and deliberately.

The man who spins the suggestion of his name in connection with the Vice Presidency makes himself but little less ridiculous than the full-fledged, self-seeking candidate clamoring for the honor.

Any man the convention decides upon for Vice President will accept the nomination. He may not crave it; may actually be reluctant to accept it, but he will not be big enough to decline it.

History furnishes ample evidence in point. A striking living example is Theodore Roosevelt. Does any man mentioned to-day loom larger than did this most popular of Americans when he regrettably took second place on the ticket with McKinley? Is there one among those mentioned who occupies a more exalted station than did Thomas A. Hendricks when he became Tilden's running mate, or than Allen G. Thurman when his name was linked with Cleveland's?

A sober-minded convention is not going to nominate for Vice President any man who is unworthy of consideration for President. Conventions lacking sober-mindedness have followed the contrary course, but their action, fortunately for the country, seldom has been ratified at the polls.

And so, in our opinion, when the Chicago convention gets ready to take up this question it will take it up sensibly and deliberately, and the nominee will be no mere moneybags or political upstart—types of which are now ridiculously figuring in the convention limelight—but a Republican statesman, known to his countrymen for capacity and achievement, and one fitted to be President of the United States.

We do not believe that the great office of Vice President will be belittled in the choice of Mr. Taft's running mate.

Senator Knox is young. Plenty of time to boom again.

A Dream of Peace

It has always seemed rather a utopian dream that some day we should reach that point of civilization and morals where war between the various factions of the human family shall become an impossibility. How the dream is to come true no one has been bold enough to predict. There are some who deem that it may come through a better understanding of each other, while others believe that war will only cease when each nation is so heavily armed and has such gigantic power of destruction that war will be too horrible to contemplate.

It is noteworthy that most of those who talk peace, and hope for universal peace and good-will, are of what might be termed the laity—the men in the street, who have nothing to do with the business of diplomacy. When, therefore, a diplomat of the highest class chooses to give his views on the matter they are entitled to more than ordinary consideration, and it cannot fail to be regarded as of significant interest that such a man believes that war is coming to be improbable.

The man in question is Baron von Holstein, former director of the division of foreign policies for the German government, and in a recent statement he declares that the present peace of the world has, in his opinion, an excellent chance for continuance, not because of the expansion of navies or the fitness of armies, but because of the complications that would ensue. He says:

"The inner workings and social politics, not only of Europe, but of the civilized world, are so complicated, and so many influences and counter-influences would be set at work in event of war that nobody can foresee the development which a conflict in Europe would have here and elsewhere. This is known to the governments, and it is beginning to be recognized by the people."

Behind this rather cautious expression may be seen a realization of the change that has come over the world in the last few years. It is no longer, even in an absolute monarchy, of which there are very few remaining, the rulers who make war, but the people; and with the growth of popular education and knowledge has come the understanding of the risks that are attendant on the war game. No longer have we any economists who believe that war is necessary to use up surplus men or our surplus supplies; we

have learned better than that, and know now that waste is waste, and that the destruction of even an enemy's property is a loss to the world.

Whatever the reason may be, whether it be fear of the risk, a question of economy, or a moral growth, every true well-wisher of mankind will hail with joy any sign, however slight, that there is some hope that the dream of peace will come true some day.

"Big Year in Natural Gas," says a headline in a contemporary. Sure; spellbinders getting busy, you know.

Our Aid to China.

It was a fine and generous thing the American government did when it renitted the vast sum demanded as an indemnity for the Boxer uprising, and though it was only an act of strict justice, it cannot fail to be gratifying to learn that we have done much toward furthering the transition of China from ignorance to knowledge.

A dispatch from Peking brings the news that the Chinese government is going to use a part of the money we returned in defraying the expenses of Chinese students at American institutions of learning. Enough of the money is so to be used as to enable 200 Chinese students to come to America every year for a period of ten years. No one can doubt, knowing the assimilative capacity of the Orientals, that the young men will take the fullest advantage of the opportunity thus offered them, to the great benefit of their country, and surely, in the long run, to the incalculable benefit of ourselves.

These Chinese young men, we may be sure, will be fitly chosen; will study hard, and carry back to their vast empire a new conception of the meaning of government, of the meaning of broad education, of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. Returning to China as missionaries of peace and good will, they will carry with them a lesson that is bound to work for closer relations of trade and amity between the two nations.

"There is no argument in calling your opponent ugly names," says Gov. Vardaman. Doubtless this is the voice of experience, and, therefore, to be heeded.

Woman Suffrage Spreading.

Canada is the latest of our neighbors to feel the movement of unrest among the fair sex, and there are not wanting indications that our Canadian sisters may strive as unbecomingly and unbecomingly as did our English cousins for what they call their rights. Heaven help them!

Announcement is made that a woman has come forward as a candidate for a seat in the provincial legislature of Ontario. There seems to be no indication that she hopes to be successful in the contest. But the mere announcement is interesting as showing how this leaven of woman suffrage is spreading.

If other signs were wanting, there is the formation of a woman's suffrage club at Ottawa, and the members of this organization announce that they intend to keep on agitating and talking and preaching until they make an impression. They have one advocate already on the floor of the House of Parliament, a sort of lukewarm advocate, evidently, for diplomatically he says that if there were not so many other more important matters pressing for attention he would introduce a bill allowing women the right to vote.

The Canadian girls who want to vote have an advocate in Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the premier, who thinks that the wife of the house has, or should have, sufficient influence over her lord and master to induce him to vote for the right man at election time. This is adroitly twisted about by the suffragettes so that they argue that if they know enough about the right man to vote for to influence their husbands, they ought to know enough to vote for the right man themselves.

They are subtle, these women! And though, at first blush, this whole feminine suffrage idea may seem a thing to chuckle over as a curious sociological problem, we believe that it is getting to be high time that we "who came to laugh remain to pray." For, unless there is a united stand on the part of the men against this revolutionary tendency the women really will have the vote the first thing we know, and once they get it, it will be pretty hard to disfranchise them.

"The world doesn't know one-tenth part of all the things there are to learn," says Mr. Thomas A. Edison. It isn't because there is any lack of knowledge standing around ready to tell us, however.

The President's Reputation.

The best evidence that Mr. Roosevelt is a great and mighty influence in this republic, despite his reiterated desire to retire to private life and his prediction that he will be forgotten in seven years, is found in the persistence with which the iconoclasts and knockers pursue him. One would think his forthcoming withdrawal from the center of the limelight might serve to secure him present immunity from these pestiferous creatures who are forever seeking his undoing; but it does not. The man who would dim Mr. Roosevelt's well-earned glory is ever at the Presidential heels.

It does seem, however, that something in the dead past, of peculiarly embarrassing attributes, might be left to slumber on in undisturbed peace. For instance, it was hardly necessary for a certain college professor to go to the trouble of proving that Dean Swift advocated simplified spelling in 1711. It is not probable that Mr. Roosevelt is especially proud of his simplified spelling fust. He was game enough in his efforts to land that thing among the list of notable things accomplished during his occupancy of the White House. But he lost out—rather ingloriously, too—and it isn't at all probable that he cares to have it referred to, unless it be absolutely necessary; and it is not conceivable that any such condition should arise with any alarming frequency.

Even more reprehensible is the effort to strip the President of that great glory that has come to him because of his anti-race suicide agitation. That idea is closely associated with Mr. Roosevelt; it is part and parcel of the average concep-

tion of the man. Here comes an investigation, however, and finds that one William Lynch, of Virginia, was officially commended and freed from taxes in 1872 because he was the father of thirty-four children! It is claimed that Lynch's official recognition by Virginia started an anti-race suicide movement in the Old Dominion that is evidenced, even in this day and time, by a large section of the F. F. V.'s.

We protest against the continuous nagging of the President. He is nearing the conclusion of at least one section of a most distinguished career. No doubt he sometimes feels like adopting the motto of his enemies, and saying, "Let me alone."

All the other crops being such complete successes this year, the prune crop has failed. No one should begrudge it this one failure; it has been faithful for many years, and probably never before had an opportunity to get in the limelight.

The Countess of Warwick is said to be about to publish her reminiscences. When we say that the countess is a sort of a female William E. Chandler in English affairs, we may be able to convey some measure of the full import of this threat.

"Gov. Johnson can always carry Minnesota," says a paper up at that ballwicked Sore; Sweden to the Swede.

Germany is preparing to borrow \$250,000. Under the circumstances, it is extremely doubtful whether Emperor William will get his salary raised this year.

Miss Bibbe, accused of stealing diamonds in Chicago, has confessed. Wind-up her ante-fallid career with a few revelations, as it were.

"Taft doesn't seem to know when he has delegates enough," says the Baltimore Sun. Or the delegates don't seem to know when they have Taft enough; one or the other.

Viscount Morley is already being confounded with Earl Morley in England. No one ever misunderstood in the old days when plain "Mr." Morley was mentioned.

A negro woman having been acquitted of larceny by a New York jury, thanked the jurymen and promised never to steal again. Whatever the shortcomings of her parents may have been, they evidently taught her to be polite.

"A Miss Spinster, of Kansas, is reported to be willing to change her name," says the Birmingham News. We don't blame her; it's bad enough to be an old maid, without having the entire tribe of joke-smiths after you.

A number of telephone girls in Boston threaten to go on strike because the lockers furnished for their wraps and hats are not large enough to accommodate their "Merry Widow" hats. They are unreasonable. The company cannot be expected to furnish each girl with a barn all to herself.

"In the South, 1905 will be sorrowfully remembered as the year of the big wind," says the Arkansas Gazette. That's right; it will be remembered as the year that Arkansas cyclone, Hon. "Jeff" Davis, broke loose.

A Baltimore scientist has discovered that fish women are true placers; hence fishing and forest devastation have gone hand in hand," says the Roanoke World. There it goes; taking another swipe at the poor fisherman, as if prohibition hadn't already put him down and out.

If Jack London is to make the race for President on the Socialist ticket, Mr. Tom Watson may have to hustle, after all, in order to win the booby prize.

While in St. Petersburg recently, the King of Sweden went to see a comic opera one night and the Duma the next. Now he cannot tell which was which.

There must be something wrong about that statement to the effect that oysters used to be a foot long. No "oldest inhabitant" has yet come out of his lair to confirm it.

"Lots of people mistake dyspepsia for plenty," says a London paper. Crusty people!

Ex-Gov. Peck, of Wisconsin, finds that vast quantities of patent medicine are consumed in the "dry" South. The governor is not the first traveler down that way to form a more or less intimate acquaintance with "the patent-medicine question."

Dr. David C. Coolidge, of Athol, Mass., says he has a Leshorn rooster which can swim and balance itself on its tail. Wait until the 4th of March rolls around. The President will attend to that one.

According to a news item, Mr. Roosevelt recently spoke six different languages in half an hour. If you are willing to believe some people, the President frequently speaks that many languages at once.

A New York man has employed fifty-three lawyers to defend him against a criminal charge. If "Uncle Andy" Carnegie is sincere in his alleged desire to die poor, he will back that man to a finish.

"Harry Thaw has promised to go to work if released," says the Baltimore News. We prefer his first promise, to go to Europe and stay.

A Baltimore lad with only half a brain has just died at the age of six. Too bad; he might have made an excellent umpire had he lived to be a man.

Vice President Fairbanks called upon Senator Stone to preside over the Senate when Senator Davis delivered his last speech of the session just passed. Now it is more or less doubtful that "Bonanza Bill" cares whether the Missouri legislature re-elects him or not.

"It seems that peaches will be plentiful and cheap," says a contemporary. It often seems that way; but if it ever came true, we seem to have overlooked it.

Harper's Weekly called Mr. Bryan "the advance agent of his own circus." Well, his show seems to get the crowd all right, so he must be a good one.

And now we are threatened with a potato trust! Wouldn't that rouse your Irish?

Appropriate.

From the Boston Transcript.
Robert S. Murphy, son of the late Francis Murphy, noted temperance apostle, will nominate Knox at Chicago. Quite appropriate for the man whose chief plank is deep waterways!

A New Industry.

From the Buffalo Express.
It is reported that Japan is trying to buy off the Chinese boycott by giving 200,000 yen to the Canton guilds. This will tend to make boycotting a profitable industry in China.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

She saw a hat.
And liked it much.
Asserted that
A stunner such
As this she'd seldom seen before.
(The hat she liked was in a store.)

She chanced to spy
That hat that day.
And passed it by
In scornful way.
(The hat at this time, be it said,
Was on another woman's head.)

Accessories.
"Shakespeare without scenery? That ain't such a much."
"Well?"
"I know a fellow who makes good in vaudeville without the aid of either the professor or the bass-drummer."

As to a Friend.
"I hear he gets paralyzed sometimes."
"Seems so, when it comes to reaching for the check."

No Branch of Ethics.
"Sawin' wood, hey?" exclaimed Tired Tiffins in disgust. "An' fer food?"
"G'wan," retorted Dusty Rhodes briefly. "I'm doin' dis fer a drink."

Cramped Gardening.
For many days he's been—
He's at it yet.
Arranging folding flower beds in
The gardenette.

Getting His Cops.
"We've tried him with fifty schemes,
but he won't bite at schemes."
"There's one scheme he'll bite at. I guess we can convince him that he's got a good look-in for the Presidential nomination this time."

Dad's Dilemma.
"I see your girl has a beau."
"Yes," said the damsel's father, "and I don't know just how to handle the mutt. Shall I be friendly with him, and lose my dignity; or shall I hold myself aloof, and be considered an old groucher?"

A Sampler.
"I found a hardwood splinter in this jam."
"Hum, I've often heard of these forest preserves."

LINES OF LAUGHTER.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Reminiscence.
There are changes, you say; they claim;
But the essay and oration
All seem very much the same.

A Row and a Row.
It is rumored that the unsuccessful row of the Cornell crew was followed by a row and a general shake-up.

Better Than the Curfew.
"There don't seem to be any children on the street in your town?"
"Nope. They're all stayin' in. One of the lions in th' show up yonder got out of his cage yesterday, an' ain't been caught yet."

The New Department.
"Where are they taking that fellow in the invalid chair?"
"Up to our surgical department. We're offering a special line of bone setting this week at half the regular prices."

The New Shake.
The latest thing in Paris is the shake with the left hand that madam gives her friends. It is said to be decidedly embarrassing to the friends who are not familiar with the new greeting.

Moore Strategy.
"I see that Mulah Hand has threatened to sell his opponents' wives if they don't come to terms."
"Where did he get the wives?"
"Stole them."

A Sensitive Conscience.
The indignation of those New Yorkers who object to the "Thou Shalt Not Steal" placards in the Third Avenue trolley cars, recalls a local character who grew very angry when somebody thrust a copy of the Ten Commandments into his hands.

The Organ Protests.
The feeling is that power is being usurped by the people; that a great party machine is being built up under the direct control of the White House, which may threaten the very integrity of our institutions, as we have known them and loved them; that we are having thrust upon us a candidate not of our own choice, but that has been chosen for us, through the unscrupulous use of Federal authority and Federal officeholders, working in conjunction with the powerful moneyed interests of the country.

Senator Allison.
Senator Allison, of Iowa, will be eighty years old on March 2, 1909, and his present term as Senator expires two days later. His re-election, which is now assured, will keep him in office, if he lives, until he is eighty-six years of age. He first entered Congress as a member of the House of Representatives in 1863, and has served continuously during twenty-three Congresses. His total service, if he survives until March 4, 1915, will be fifty-two years.

The Pot and the Kettle.
From the Detroit News.
After pulling down a \$10,000 stake for five weeks' preaching in an Illinois town, Rev. "Billy" Sunday straightens his vest and calls the \$800, \$1,000, and \$1,200 preachers of Pittsburg "salary quacks."

The Sonnet.
A sonnet is a needless for a queen.
Of fourteen lines delicately wrought.
Or it may hold some vision longed for, sought,
Or it may be a love sonnet, or it may be a sonnet of the sea.
For a brief instant, 'tis the poet's thought
In purple mantle draped, and set 'tis sought.
Without the magic touch, unless, 'tis sought.
To seem only the singer's instrument.

Money Makes Ships Go.
From the Detroit Free Press.
The performances of the steamers Lusitania and Mauretania have earned a subsidy of \$750,000 annually from the British government. Evidently money also makes the ships go.

THE MATTER OF COURTESY.

BY THE OPTIMIST.

At a recent meeting in Philadelphia, a meeting in which only men were present, a speech was made on the subject of courtesy, and one of the speakers related an instance in which he had given up his seat on a car to a lady, and had not received a single "thank you" in return. He was rather irritated at the incident, and intimated that he was really half sorry that he had inconvenienced himself.

It is very evident that this gentleman does not realize the true, inward meaning of courtesy. He seems to have confused it in his mind with manners, which are outward seeming—courtesy is from the heart.

Shall courtesy be done only to the rich and only by the rich? In good breeding, which differs, if at all, from high breeding only in its gracefully rendered rights of others, rather than gracefully insisting on its own rights, no special connection with wealth or birth; but rather that it lies in human nature itself, and is from all toward all men.

So spoke Carlyle, who had little manners and less courtesy, if report is to be believed. But, at least, he was able to realize that courtesy is not altogether a duty one owes to his fellows so much as it is a duty one owes to himself. If that ascetic of Washington, who, after his retirement, walking down the street, was accosted by an aged dandy, a former slave of his, to whom, with grace, he doffed his hat, "Why did you bow to that man?" asked a friend. "He's not a gentleman," "No," replied Washington, "but I hope I am." That furnishes, I think, a keynote by which we may recognize true courtesy, which, like virtue, is its own reward.

This is as good a definition as any, and every man for himself, and yet there is time to be courteous, even if others are too busy. There will be many times when you will pause to allow others to pass through the door before you into public places, and you shall get no thanks; often you will surrender your seat in public vehicles without acknowledgment; you will do gracious things for others and receive no recognition.

But that your courtesy is not returned is, after all, a small matter, and one that concerns those who are negligent much more than it concerns you, who have been careful to do your duty to yourself. Courtesy, when it is of the right sort and ingrained, is a sort of second nature. One does not think of the self-sacrifice; one knows only the joy of usefulness, and knowledge that courtesy is akin to love.

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech, is that fine sense which men call courtesy! Wholesome as air and genial as the light, it transmits its own health to the soul. It transmits its own health to the soul. It transmits its own health to the soul.

NO ROUGHSHOD METHODS.
Chairman New's View of Contested Delegations.
From the New York Tribune.

Mr. Harry S. New, chairman of the Republican National Committee, comes from Indiana, a "favorite son" State, and in the work done at Chicago to prepare a temporary roll for the national convention, he has shown a consistent spirit of balance and fairness. His testimony as to the soundness of the deal alone made in the contests so far heard is entitled to consideration. He said yesterday:

I know it has been charged that the Taft people on the committee have been riding roughshod over everything. I want to say, however, that all the contests that have been decided on their merits and on the evidence presented. There has been no rough riding over anybody.

A great amount of rubbish has been published about the arbitrariness of the committee's decisions. As a matter of fact, not 10 per cent of the "contests" announced had any real basis, and a casual examination of the record was enough in most cases to establish the regularity of the delegates seated. The committee could not have acted otherwise than they did on the facts presented. The "riding roughshod" existed only in the imagination of those who thought that serious contests could be manufactured to order out of any old political material.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY.
Suggestion of Cortelyou Worse Than Inadequate, Says Public Ledger.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The suggestion of Mr. Cortelyou for Vice President is worse than inadequate. It is not conceivable that the administration would commit the blunder of urging his nomination. Mr. Cortelyou has shown himself a man of commendable capacity, industry, and tact in various administrative positions. Considering the rapidity of his advancement he has acquitted himself surprisingly well. He has not impressed himself upon the country by any breadth or force of intellectuality, any indication of statesmanship. In short, he is not of Presidential size.

Not only personally, but politically Mr. Cortelyou would be a weak candidate and would bring a bad influence upon the ticket. He could make a very tentative appeal to conservative sentiment, while he would distinctly offend a large element among the disappointed ones, who would at least profess to associate him with "Wall street," and make his nomination an excuse for opposing Taft. While it is important that the convention should not trundle to this unreasonable conclusion, it is equally important that it should not oppose a feeble Taft. This is not an occasion for small arms, but for guns of the largest caliber.

La Follette's Test.
From the Boston Advertiser.

The country learned, at the close of La Follette's effort, that "the only real discomfort he felt was in his feet." This seems to eliminate any idea that the letting go of these nineteen pounds taxed his head. On the other hand, "other Senators appeared absolutely exhausted after no exertion other than listening."

It is to be hoped that these pounds of eloquence rose from the feet of one man to afflict the heads of others? At any rate, it is interesting to learn that a man, under sufficient impetus, can let loose nineteen pounds of speech in nineteen hours. Thus is established an average of one pound an hour. This may be a record in the long distance talk.

And Who Is Jove?
From the San Antonio Express.

All the high dignitaries of Washington now have mythological nicknames. The Secretary of War is Mars, the Secretary of the Navy is Neptune, the Postmaster General is Mercury, the Secretary of the Treasury is Mammon, and so on. Perhaps it would be easy to guess who gets the nickname of Jupiter.

Will the News Jump?
From the Springfield Republican.

Mr. Fairbanks' Indianapolis newspaper sourly intimates that Mr. Taft could not be elected, and it once more gathers together the reasons why the Secretary should not be nominated. The day after the nomination is made Mr. Fairbanks' will undergo a startling reconciliation to the Taft idea, particularly if the ticket happens to be Taft and Fairbanks.

One Week Enough.
From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

James K. Hackett promises to tone down "Three Weeks" for St. Louis. Make it two weeks at most. Even one week of things of that sort is more than any virtuous city ought to stand.

Still Some Left.
From the Florida Times-Union.

Corn on the cob can be seen on the table of many a home in fair Florida, despite the broken crowd's corner in Chicago, which was broken Friday after Pat had, according to reports, made a clean profit of about \$2,000,000.

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THE ROCK AHEAD.
From the Austin Statesman.

The Aldrich financial bill is the rock upon which the Republican Presidential campaign will founder and go to pieces. The people are not going to stand for a measure that is so entirely in the interest of the wolves of finance as this enactment.

OUR SUBURB, BALTIMORE.

Some Day Washington Will Reach Out and Annex It.

The rapid growth of Washington and its development into one of the world's most beautiful capitals is a matter of pride to all Americans, and especially to Marylanders. For the District of Columbia itself is the child of Maryland, and Baltimore and Washington are next-door neighbors.

The development of each city helps the other. They are in no sense rivals, but each is the complement of the other.

The new electric railway is another link, and with the Baltimore and Ohio and Pennsylvania railroads, it furnishes such transportation as is found between few such cities in the world. A reference to the time-tables of the three roads will show that there are about 200 trains or unit cars in a single weekday running between the two cities—an almost unequalled passenger service. The new boulevard now in course of construction will be a splendid driveway and automobile thoroughfare; so that every facility will be afforded, whether one rides by steam, electricity, gasoline, or horse-power.

This points to a rapid development of the suburbs and town between the two cities, and the increase in the value of property along these lines shows that the property owners and investors appreciate that fact.

The white marble office buildings of the House and Senate, and the magnificent new Union Station are second in importance and impressiveness only to the Capitol itself. When the present plans have been completed, they will stand on Capitol Hill probably the finest group of public buildings in all the world.

Handsome structures, like the new Municipal Building of the District of Columbia, the new National Museum, the Pan American Peace Palace, the Post Office Memorial Hall, are rising in various parts of the city; and some of the new banks and office structures, in the beauty of their architecture, rival the costly public buildings.

People of wealth and prominence from every section of the country—from New York, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco—are building superb mansions at the National Capital, and it is fast becoming the social center of the country.

The suburbs are developing both on the Virginia and Maryland sides, and attractive homes are springing up in every direction.